

MILKMAID (singing without.)
Shame upon you, Robin,
Shame upon you now!
Kiss me would you? with my hands
Milking the cow?
Daisies grow again,
Kingsups blow again,
And you came and kiss'd me milking the cow.

Robin come behind me,
Kiss'd me well I vow;
Cuff him could I? with my hands
Milking the cow?
Swallows fly again,
Cuckoo cry again,
And you came and kiss'd me milking the cow.

Come, Robin, Robin,
Come and kiss me now;
Help it can I? with my hands
Milking the cow?
Ringdoves coo again,
All things woa again,
Come behind and kiss me milking the cow!
—Tennyson's "Queen Mary."

A TERRIBLE ALTERNATIVE.

"You seem to be very much struck by that picture," said my old friend the Colonel (for, as I don't mean to betray family secrets, I shall speak of him as the "Colonel" only), at whose cozy nook in Buckinghamshire I had quartered myself for a few days. The picture he alluded to certainly had attracted an unusual amount of my attention, considering that as a rule, I am strangely deficient in artistic taste.

"Well, yes," I answered, my eye returning to rest on that particular object which had attracted it many times before, "regarding it as a picture, I should say it is by no means the best of your collection, but, regarding it as a portrait, there is something about it that 'fetches' me. It is not that the face is either handsome or intellectual, but there is a strange, weird something about it which the artist seems to have caught fresh from the living face and transferred to the canvas, and which all of his after art failed to paint out."

The picture which gave rise to these observations was that of a man certainly not past middle age, dressed in the fashion of the earlier period of the reign of George III. The face and figure, as regarded mere form and feature, were common place enough; there was nothing sufficiently remarkable in the portrait to attract more than a passing observation; indeed, on looking at it, you felt it ought to represent a kindly, genial gentleman; but somehow it didn't. There seemed to be something behind it, working out through the painted eyes as though it or they had seen what they should not, and were haunted by some awful mystery that would not be hidden even in the grave. Turning my back upon it I shifted the conversation, and my friend seemed by no means displeased to dismiss the subject. We had a long, gossipy chat on many matters interesting to old friends who meet but seldom, and with long lapses of time between. It was late before we could make up our minds to separate. At last, as I left the room, candlestick in hand, I could not help, against my will, casting a furtive glance at the portrait, and hastily shut the door behind me. I was dead tired, for I had come off a long journey; but when I got to bed it was a long time before I could compose myself to sleep, and when I did I was troubled in my dreams. The portrait had followed me up stairs, slipped into the room after me, and tried to get into the bed beside me; but, failing in that, went and leaned against the wall and came out of the frame and climbed up to the top of my bed, hid in the curtain folds, and multiplied itself by thousands, till the whole atmosphere, above and around me, was filled with one weird, strange face. In the morning my friend hoped I had slept well. I told him the sort of purgatory I had endured, adding:

"I am sure there is some grim secret connected with that picture; you may as well tell me what it is. If it is a family secret, I promise to keep it sacred."

"Well," he answered, after a moment's reflection, "there is a painful story connected with it. The portrait is that of my grandfather—Dr. Mathias, let us call him. He was one of the physicians-in-ordinary to George III, which position he occupied long before he had reached middle-age. He was a courteous, genial, kindly man, full of those social qualities which make a man a favorite of society. So much I have heard. When I knew him things were different. In the year of 1770, full of high spirits and pleasant anticipations, he went on the Continent for a month's holiday; he came back at the end of it an altered man—his genial nature clouded with an ineradicable gloom. He gave up all practice, all society; bought this place and settled here; he received no visits, paid none; he lived in his library among his books, occasionally taking long solitary rambles about the country. His nature did not degenerate into harshness, but a strange melancholy possessed him; its cause was unknown, so was its cure. He turned his back upon the world, and, though he was no world scorner, nothing would induce him to enter it again. He was a widower, and his only son—my father—was then a boy at Harrow. You may imagine this was not a lively place for a high-spirited young fellow to come home to; they saw little of each other. In due time my father was married, and I was born. Years passed, and one wintry night, when I was about 18 years old, we received a telegram summoning us here. We came, and were shown into the room where you slept last night. The old man, with the stamp of death upon his face, was propped up on pillows where he had for hours, his eyes fixed on the door, watching for us. As we entered the room his filmy eyes brightened; his eager, outstretched hands trembled as we touched them. With the damp death dew on his brow, his voice quaking, and his whole soul shuddering as he lived

"I must know something of the symptoms before I can attempt a cure."

"Your business here is to kill, not to cure, doctor," said one in a strangely sad tone, which ill accorded with his stern, fearful phrase. "Your patient has spoken her last word in this world. She is doomed to die by a secret though strictly just tribunus, but we would temper justice with mercy and spare her the shame and public disgrace. You can cause her to die easily and secretly; therefore we have brought you here."

"If this lady has committed any crime so great as to deserve death," he answered, full of compassion for the unfortunate, "she must meet her punishment from the hands of the public executioner, not by mine."

"By yours, and yours only," said one of his conductors gravely. "There is no time to waste in mere words. She knows she has deserved death, and she knows that she must die."

"God forbid!" exclaimed the physician, a frozen horror stealing over him.

The ominous stillness, the grim aspects of the terrible men, struck a chill to his heart. He realized all the horror of his position.

"A doctor never travels without his tools," resumed the stranger; and as he spoke he turned back the lace from the slender throat, and, pointing to it, added significantly, "Open the jugular vein; it is the easiest and quickest way to die."

My grandfather started back amazed and horror-struck. These were the very words he had uttered during one of those pleasant gatherings at the house of a celebrated Neapolitan a few days back.

"How dare you propose to me such a crime?" he exclaimed. "I am an Englishman, and will not commit murder."

"Pshaw! your nation produces as many honorable criminals as any other. To your work, sir, and quickly. If you have conscientious scruples, remember an enforced sin lies lightly on the con-

science; lay that comfort to your soul. No more words," he added peremptorily—"not one; this is the time for action."

"I refuse to obey your command. Let me go."

The man who had been writing, and until now had taken no part whatever in the scene that was passing round him, then rose up and joined the group. Laying his hand lightly on my grandfather's shoulder, he said:

"There is no escape for you, Doctor; every moment you hesitate you prolong that woman's pain. She must die; and you can dispatch her with painless speed."

"What if I refuse?" You cannot force me to commit so foul a murder."

He pointed to two swarthy figures (either soldiers or liveried servants of some noble family—my grandfather could not tell which) who had been standing motionless by the couch, and answered:

"Then those faithful fellows will dispatch you, and afterwards dispatch their men; they are not professional, and their work will be clumsily done. If the operation be not performed upon your patient before the clock strikes you know your fate; if you are obtuse, remember you throw away your own life without saving her. She is doomed; no power on earth can save her."

It was in vain to speak or expostulate with those fiends in human form. He felt they were as stern and inexorable as fate. It was as cruel as horrible and cowardly. Five men assembled to witness the professional murder of a young and beautiful woman! What had she done? whom had she offended? Some secret machinery was at work; these men were mere instruments in the hands of a higher power—they had owned as much; they had no personal interest in the matter. They were there to carry out justice, they said—secretly, it was true; but the woman had been lawfully condemned, and the sentence of the law must be privately executed.

The woman's eyes were fixed upon them throughout the whole of this conversation, and traveled from one face to the other in hopeless agony; not a word passed her ears, and only a despairing, changeless expression sat like a seal upon her face. She knew there was only the one question to be solved: Was she to die by the unwilling hand of a pitying stranger, or be killed cruelly by professional murderers? What a world of terror must have been compassed about her, and if we hadn't three of the smartest negroes to pick up and sweep out, we'd have to shut up the store for a whole afternoon after an explosion."

"He stood with the glass in his hand agitating the syrup, and waiting, and she said:

"I didn't suppose it was dangerous stuff."

"Well, as I told you, it depends on the state of your system. If your liver is torpid and your digestion impaired, one glass of soda water would blow you higher than Gilderoy's kite, and the coroner would be lucky to find as much as your spectacles to hold an inquest on. If your system is all right, you might drink a hundred glasses and feel no disastrous effects. Now, then, you'll have a good deal of water and but little gas, eh?"

She made a deprecatory motion, and asked:

"How's the stuff made?"

"Well, I can't go and explain all the process. There's marble dust, acid, gas, sugar coated pills, giant powder, cologne water and kerosene all mixed together and then distilled. The distilled liquid is placed in a retort where the chemical action separates it and the gas forces it up separate pipes."

"Kerosene and pills!" she gasped.

"That's what I said, madam. You look innocent and honest, and I hope you won't say anything about it. I tend this fountain in order to support a widowed mother and seven fatherless children. If you should say anything I'd be discharged, and if I were discharged I should commit suicide. You'll have plenty of water, eh?"

"No, sir, I won't," she replied. "Do you suppose I'd drink acid and kerosene?"

"Not in their crude state, madam, but this process—"

"I don't care for the process!" she snapped. "I wouldn't touch the stuff!"

"It is a mild beverage, madam, and the doc—"

"Well, I don't want any. When I go to swallow tar and kerosene you'll know it! S'posen I dran some and exploded!"

"Don't mention it!" he whispered. "Don't speak of it!"

"I'm sorry for you, young man, but there's a constable living right in sight of our house, and I think I—I—I!"

"You'll drive me to a suicide's grave, you mean!"

She lowered her spectacles, took a long look at him and went out without replying.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Western editor insists that he wrote the word "trosseau" as plain as a pikestaff in connection with certain bridal presents. The printer, however, vulgarly put it "trousers."

A subscriber writes to an editor in the West: "I don't want your paper any longer." To which the editor replies, "I would not make it any longer even if you did; its present length suits me."

Housemaid (just engaged)—"I should like to be shown my room, ma'am."

Lady of the house (startled)—"Oh, if you like; you'll find it comfortable."

Housemaid—"I should like to know if it is large enough for my piano."

Somebody has calculated that three million words were used by the parties in the Tilton-Beecher trial. And yet they produced no sentence.

The attractions of our earthly home are passing away. One by one the golden links are broken; one by one the loved ones are carried to the silent city; the "boatman pale" has wafted

The Dear-Blantes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

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What

Gather a single blade of grass, and examine for a minute, quietly, its narrow sword-shaped strip of fluted green, nothing, as it seems there of notable goodness or beauty. A very little strength and a very little fullness, and a few delicate, long lines meeting in a point—not a perfect point either, but blunt and unfinished—by no means a creditable or apparently much-cared-for example of Nature's workmanship; made, as it seems, only to be trodden on to-day, and to-morrow cast into the oven; and a little pale and hollow stalk, feeble and flaccid, leading down to the dull brown fibres of roots. And yet think of it well, and judge whether of all the gorgeous flowers that beam in summer air, and of all strong and goodly trees, pleasant to the eyes or good for food—stately palm and pine, strong ash and oak, scented citron, burdened vine—there be any by man so deeply loved, by God so highly graced, as that narrow point of feeble grass. And well does it fulfil its mission. Consider what we owe to merely the meadow grass, to the covering of the dark ground by that glorious enamel, by the companies of those soft and countless and peaceful spears.

The fields! Follow but for a little time the thoughts of all that we ought to recognize in these words. All spring and summer is in them—the walks by silent-scented paths—the rest in noon-day heat—the joy of herds and flocks—the power of all shepherd life and meditation—the sunlight upon the world falling in emerald streaks, and falling in soft blue shadows where else it would have stuck upon the dark mould or scorched dust—pastures beside the pacing brooks—soft banks and knolls of lowly hills—thyme slopes of down overlooked by the blue line of lifted sea—crisp lawns all dim with early dew or smooth in the evening warmth of barred sunshine, daintly by happy feet, and softening in there fall the sound of loving voices,—all these are summed up in those simple words—the fields; and these are not all. We may not measure to the depth of that heavenly gift, in our own land; though still, as we think on it longer, the infinite of that meadow sweetness, Shakespeare's peculiar joy, would open on us more and more, we have it but in part.

Go out, in the spring time among the meadows and slope from the shore of the Swiss lakes to the roots of the lower mountains. There, mingled with the taller gentians and the white narcissus, the grass grows deep and free; and as you follow the winding mountain paths, in its adornments, tasteful in its simplicity, with its quiet corner and instructive book, with which to improve the leisure hour are within the reach of all.

But while with skill we adorn our homes, let us not forget the cheerful air of good will and home feeling that, if we choose, we can impart. It is practicable to make home so delightful that children will have no disposition to wander from it or prefer any other place. It is possible to make it so attractive that it shall not only firmly hold its own loved ones, but shall draw others into its cheerful circle. Let home be the scene of pleasant looks and words, and kind, affectionate acts.

"We have kind words for the passing stranger. And smiles for the sometime guest. Shall we treat our own the coldest, When we love our own the best."

If home life is surrounded with an air of cozy and cheerful good-will, the children need not be exhorted to love it, you will not be able to tempt them away from it. In every house should be music to enliven the evening hour, cheer the heart, and strengthen the hand for labor; music not kept for company, but in which father, mother, brothers and sisters join.

How vividare childhood's impressions! How keen their appreciation of the beautiful. What eye does not moisten, and heart quiver at the angelic voices of the young ones in their happy home, with its merry band of brothers and sisters; of the tiny brook where we built the mimic waterfall, or the sunny slope where the first violets grew. We may visit fairer scenes, gayer homes may be ours, but none will sing the song, or thrill the heart like that of childhood days. The cares and duties of life are upon us now, we have little time for fairy dreams, but their memory comes, refreshing and cheering the weary heart.

With joyful hearts we hail the advancement made in the education of women; not the fairest one that makes her the leader of fashion, but that which prepares her for the task which God has given her. To woman's heart and hand for her care is the tender years of childhood given. How important that she receive an education that shall prepare and qualify her for the work assigned to her.

The swift-passing years are taking from us, what the coming years will never bring: golden opportunities, which once neglected and unimproved can never more return. The tiny prattlers that cluster around our knee, will soon fill the places we shall vacate; the tender forms we now robe with dainty care will soon gird themselves for the conflict and go forth to meet the temptations of life, and contend with its storms. Are we sowing the seeds of love, truth and honor? And are we training them for the duties and responsibilities that will soon devolve upon them? Do we seek strength and aid from Him whose wisdom is unending, and whose council is sure? The future pages of history will reveal the record of to-day, for as the sowing, so shall the reaping be.

With us are those who, when treason lifted its hand against the country of its birth, went forth to battle for their country and homes. Comes to them a memory of the lonely weeks of waiting "when all was quiet on Potomac shore," or the weary months of guard on far Tortugas Isle; of the heart-yearnings for home that was almost agony. When the word of release was given how joyfully did they hasten northward, and to what, after the long months of monotony, did the heart seek for amusement? Did gay cities with their attractions and festive scenes call, or the quiet home, where loved ones anxiously awaited their return?

There comes a voice from the home that we love that is sweeter than song, and stirs the heart deeper than the wildest burst of melody. It is a heaven-born gift, and should lead our affections from our earthly home to a home in heaven.

The attractions of our earthly home are passing away. One by one the golden links are broken; one by one the loved ones are carried to the silent city; the "boatman pale" has wafted

A thirteen-year-old son of Dennis Powers, at Eatontown, Wis., stole a pocket-book containing \$245. The father returned the money to the owner, and then, overcome with shame because the boy was a thief, killed himself.

The Boy at the Soda Fountain.

He was ringing the glasses when the old lady entered the store. It was hot weather, and the soda fountain looked so tempting that she conquered her avarice and walked over and told the boy she would take a glass.

"Do you wish for a fly in it?" he inquired in a whisper.

"A fly? Grashus! no!" she replied, a look of disgust in her face.

"Just as you say, madam," he went on as he drew some lemon syrup. "People are so different in tastes, you know. Some objects to flies and some don't. I'll mix some pineapple syrup with this lemon, and now will you have a great deal of gas and little water, or a great deal of water and a little gas?"

"I'm purty thirsty," she said.

"Well, then, you want more water than gas, and there won't be so much danger of an explosion."

"Explosion?" she queried.

"That was the word, madam. We have had but few of such accidents here this summer, and I truly hope we may have no more."

"Does soda water blow up folks?"

"That depends upon the state of their health. Some people could stand here and drink all day, while others might get the glass tipped up this way, and boom! they'd go!"

"But?"

"Yes'm—fly into more than a thousand pieces. You never saw a human being explode, did you?"

"Mercy, no?"

"Well, you don't have the least warning. They may be laughing or talking, and all at once the store is filled with flies, hair, monogram garters, bustles, corssets, feet, teeth, and rolled plate jewelry. It makes a great muss around here, and if we hadn't three of the smartest negroes to pick up and sweep out, we'd have to shut up the store for a whole afternoon after an explosion."

"He stood with the glass in his hand agitating the syrup, and waiting, and she said:

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Devoted to the Interests of the Deaf-Mutes of the State of New York.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.
FORT LEWIS SELINEY, Associate Editor
HENRY WINTER SYLE, Foreign Editor.

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90 inches,	91 inches,	92 inches,	93 inches,	94 inches,	95 inches,	3900 inches,
91 inches,	92 inches,	93 inches,	94 inches,	95 inches,	96 inches,	3950 inches,
92 inches,	93 inches,	94 inches,	95 inches,	96 inches,	97 inches,	4000 inches,
93 inches,	94 inches,	95 inches,	96 inches,	97 inches,	98 inches,	4050 inches,
94 inches,	95 inches,	96 inches,	97 inches,	98 inches,	99 inches,	4100 inches,
95 inches,	96 inches,	97 inches,	98 inches,	99 inches,	100 inches,	4150 inches,
96 inches,	97 inches,	98 inches,	99 inches,	100 inches,	101 inches,	4200 inches,
97 inches,	98 inches,	99 inches,	100 inches,	101 inches,	102 inches,	4250 inches,
98 inches,	99 inches,	100 inches,	101 inches,	102 inches,	103 inches,	4300 inches,
99 inches,	100 inches,	101 inches,	102 inches,	103 inches,	104 inches,	4350 inches,
100 inches,	101 inches,	102 inches,	103 inches,	104 inches,	105 inches,	4400 inches,
101 inches,	102 inches,	103 inches,	104 inches,	105 inches,	106 inches,	4450 inches,
102 inches,	103 inches,	104 inches,	105 inches,	106 inches,	107 inches,	4500 inches,
103 inches,	104 inches,	105 inches,	106 inches,	107 inches,	108 inches,	4550 inches,
104 inches,	105 inches,	106 inches,	107 inches,	108 inches,	109 inches,	4600 inches,
105 inches,	106 inches,	107 inches,	108 inches,	109 inches,	110 inches,	4650 inches,
106 inches,	107 inches,	108 inches,	109 inches,	110 inches,	111 inches,	4700 inches,
107 inches,	108 inches,	109 inches,	110 inches,	111 inches,	112 inches,	4750 inches,
108 inches,	109 inches,	110 inches,	111 inches,	112 inches,	113 inches,	4800 inches,
109 inches,	110 inches,	111 inches,	112 inches,	113 inches,	114 inches,	4850 inches,
110 inches,	11					

A Mute Artist in Italy.

The other day, while hunting among a pile of magazines for a certain pamphlet—which by the way I did not find—I came across a copy of the *Atlantic Monthly* several leaves of which were apparently unequal. Looking at the title-page for the date, which was April, 1871, I noticed a marginal note in the handwriting of the late John R. Burnet, and looking up the place referred to, found the following marked in pencil. It is a paragraph from an interesting account of an Italian journey, by that charming writer "H. H.":

THE CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF-MUTES.

From time to time Dr. Gallaudet was led to hold services for the deaf-mute residents of other cities. The work increased so steadily that it was thought best to bring it into organic life, and so in the fall of 1872 "The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes" was incorporated under the general laws of the state of New York. Of this society Dr. Gallaudet was elected the general manager. And as he now has associates in St. Ann's Church, the Rev. Edward H. Krans, specially ministering to the hearing and speaking people, and the Rev. John Chamberlain, specially ministering to deaf-mutes, he is able to spend a large portion of his time in efforts to improve the temporal and spiritual condition of adult deaf-mutes throughout the country. The society besides aiding St. Ann's in its special work, has associate missions in St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia, under Mr. Henry W. Syle; Grace Church, Baltimore, under Mr. L. C. Tuck; Grace Church, Allentown, under Mr. Thomas Roberts; St. Luke's Church, Rochester, under Mr. John C. Acker; St. Paul's Church, Bridgeport, under Mr. R. D. Beers; and St. Paul's Church, Flint, Michigan, under Mr. A. W. Mann. These gentlemen are deaf-mutes themselves, and are acting under authority from the Bishops of the Dioceses in which they live. The Rev. Thomas B. Berry, Rector of Trinity Church, Granville, Washington county, New York, holds a service for deaf-mutes on the first Friday evening of each month in St. Paul's Church, Troy, and takes an interest in the deaf-mutes of the Northern part of New York. Dr. Gallaudet holds monthly services in St. Mary's Church, Brooklyn; quarterly services in St. Paul's Church, Albany, and the Chapel of the Good Shepherd, Boston, and occasional services in other places. He is called here and there to baptize deaf-mutes or their children, to marry, to interpret at confirmations or other services. He has made it easier for deaf-mutes to find employment. He has frequently been of service in legal difficulties, settlements of property, &c. It will thus be seen that "The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes" has gradually grown up to be one of the useful institutions of our country, and should be encouraged in its special work.

THE NATIONAL HOME FOR AGED AND INFIRM DEAF-MUTES.

Dr. Gallaudet has recently found it necessary to begin a home bearing the above title. It temporarily occupies a hired house, No. 220 East 13th street, New York. This forms one department of the Society referred to above. It is designed to rescue aged and infirm deaf-mutes from the sad and depressing isolation of almshouses, to surround them with pleasant influences and to lead them to be ready for their final departure, in hopes of enjoying the life of the future in which all human imperfections will be done away. Among the present inmates there are three women who have such imperfect sight that they can do nothing towards their own support. Information from different parts of the country indicates that there are at present forty deaf-mutes, at least, who ought to be received at this home. But they must wait till a permanent building can be secured. The deaf-mutes of the country have already started a building fund and feel sure of ultimate success. For the rent and current expenses of this silent home the trustees depend upon the donations of the benevolent. Should any of our readers feel disposed to aid in this charity they can communicate with the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, No. 9 West 18th street, New York.

MARRIAGE OF DEAF-MUTES.

On Thursday evening, the 20th inst., at the residence of Mrs. Collins, in Georgetown, Dr. Gallaudet united in marriage Mr. Robert S. Collins, of this city, and Miss Clara Leffler, of Baltimore, both former pupils of the Columbia Institution. It was the original intention to have had the ceremony in St. John's church, Georgetown, on Thursday evening, the 18th instant, but the sudden death of the bride's father prevented. The ceremony last evening was attended only by relatives and intimate friends. The service was rendered in the sign-language. The Rev. Dr. Atkins, pastor of St. John's church, read the prayers as they were interpreted. The hearts of the newly married couple seemed full of joy, and their faces beamed with smiles as they received the congratulations of representatives of three generations. The bridegroom is a brother of Mr. W. R. Collins, of our editorial corps.

The Central New York Institution.

A CIRCULAR FROM THE PRINCIPAL.

To the Parents and Friends of Deaf-Mute Children:

The State of New York has always had the welfare of Deaf-Mutes, within her borders, very much at heart; and has provided liberally for their care and education at her own expense.

The three institutions hitherto established are situated near the borders of the State—two in New York City and one in Buffalo; and, while they have never lacked for pupils, the offered privileges having been availed of by hundreds, still the expenses entailed by sending children long distances to school, not to mention the natural reluctance of parents and friends to be so far separated from them at a tender age, has caused a

large number, especially in the central portion of the State, to remain at home altogether, or defer going till an age when the advantage is not so great; thereby losing, wholly or in part, an education which is, comparatively, of more importance to them than to those in full possession of their faculties, as avenues of knowledge open to the hearing, outside of school houses and institutions of learning, are closed to the deaf.

This obstacle has in a great measure—
we might say entirely—been removed by the establishment of an additional institution called the "CENTRAL NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR DEAF-MUTES" at Rome, N. Y. The project was rendered feasible by the subscriptions of citizens interested in the matter, and became a fixed fact when the Legislature in April last, so amended the existing laws of the State regarding the care and education of deaf-mute children, as to include it among the institutions of the State, and made an appropriation for its support.

By the law, "whenever a deaf-mute child under the age of twelve years shall become a charge for its maintenance on any of the towns or counties of this State, or shall be liable to become such charge, it shall be the duty of the overseers of the poor of the town, or the supervisors of such county, to place such child in an institution of the State for the education of deaf-mutes."

The law further reads:—"Any parent, guardian or friend of a deaf-mute child within this State, over the age of six years and under the age of twelve years, may make application to the overseers of the poor of any town, or to any supervisor of the county where such child may be, showing by satisfactory affidavits or other proof, that the health, morals and comfort of such child may be endangered or not properly cared for; and, thereupon, it shall be the duty of such overseer or Supervisor to place such child in an institution in the State for the education of deaf-mutes."

It is also provided that "The children placed in said institutions in pursuance of the foregoing sections, shall be maintained therein at the expense of the county whence they came, provided that such expense shall not exceed three hundred dollars each per year until they attain the age of twelve years; unless the directors of an institution to which a child has been sent shall find that such child is not a proper subject to remain in said institution."

For those past the age of twelve years the following provision is made: "Every deaf-mute person resident in this State, between twelve and twenty-five years of age, whose parent or parents, or if an orphan, whose nearest friends shall have been a resident in this State for three years preceding, and who may make application for that purpose, shall be received into one of the institutions in the State for education of deaf-mutes, and shall be provided with board, lodging and tuition; and the directors of such institutions shall receive for each pupil, so provided for, the sum of three hundred dollars per annum, to be paid by the treasurer of the State."

The regular term of instruction is limited to five years; but the Superintendent of Public Instruction is authorized, at his discretion, to extend the term of any pupil for a period not exceeding three years.

All pupils provided for as above come under the head of "State pupils," and are entitled to all the privileges secured by law to that class of beneficiaries.

The new institution has much to recommend it to public favor besides the endorsement of the citizens of Rome and of the Legislature; and its central location is not the least of its advantages.

The project was heartily endorsed by the Principal and other officers of the New York Institution, one of whose graduates, long an efficient teacher within her walls, now has charge of the institution. He comes highly recommended as energetic, competent, faithful, and devoted to the work of educating deaf-mutes. As Assistant, the Principal has been promised the services of a former associate in the professional corps of the older institution, who also comes well recommended. Additional teachers will be added to the corps as the number of pupils increase.

The system of instruction pursued in this institution, is the one known as the Combined Method, more properly called the Improved Method. It is the one that has been adopted by all the first-class institutions for deaf-mutes in the country. It consists in imparting instruction to the deaf-mutes by means of the Sign Language and the Manual Alphabet, and in teaching them Articulation and Lip-reading; but especially to those who lost their hearing after having learned to speak, so that they will not lay aside and forget their vernacular speech, but on the contrary improve and perfect it as far as possible.

The Central Institution, although in active operation but a short time, (it was opened on the twenty second of last March,) and hitherto having advertised itself on no very extensive scale, has ten pupils, and is well under way. It is the determination of the Principal and Trustees and all concerned in its management, to make this a first-class institution, which shall compare favorably with any other of its kind in the State or country.

Parents and friends may send their children hither, relying upon having them well cared for in all essential points. An inspection is invited, for which every facility will be afforded.

The present and first term of the Institution closed June 23d, and the next term begins on the first Wednesday in September.

It is earnestly requested of all those who have deaf-mute children, resident in Northern and Central New York especially, and all others within a reasonable distance, that they avail themselves of the privileges offered and make early application for admission; the earlier the better, as a previous knowledge of the number to be provided for will greatly facilitate operations, by furnishing a basis

upon which to make provisions for the ensuing term.

It is also important that the pupils arrive promptly at the beginning of the term, as it is of great advantage to them to be present when classification is performed.

It is hoped that those whom this circular may reach, will use all means with their power to disseminate the information which it contains, and thus help the deaf-mutes to become useful citizens of society, instead of the partial or total burden on the commonwealth which a lack of education is calculated to cause them to be.

All communications should be addressed to

ALPHONSO JOHNSON,
Principal,
Rome, Oneida Co., N. Y.

News of the Week.

The Alabama convention election results in favor of calling the convention by 15,000 majority.

Hans Christian Andersen, the poet and novelist, died in Copenhagen, Wednesday, aged 70 years.

The Cuban insurgents are becoming very bold.

Gold to the amount of \$1,500,000 was sold at New York, Thursday, by the Government at from 113.015 to 113.02.

Chicago has voted to pay over again the matured bonds which were held by Duncan, Sherman & Co., when they failed.

The survivors of the Third Georgia regiment visited Fortress Monroe, Thursday, and were fraternally treated.

In Maury county, Tennessee, Thursday, by the explosion of a farm engine boiler three men were killed and seven wounded, two fatally.

The O'Connell centennial began in Dublin, Thursday; high mass was celebrated in the Church of the Irish College at Rome.

Thirteen persons were drowned by a water spout at Kirm, Rhineish Prussia, Thursday.

Much loss of life has occurred through floods in north-western India.

John H. Holden, the Boston agent of the Oneida Community, is under arrest for embezzling \$20,000.

Drexel, Morgan & Co. announce that they will cash foreign letters of credit of Duncan, Sherman & Co.

Hon. George B. Dusenbury, of Phelps, accepts the prohibition nomination for Secretary of State.

Denison, Belden & Co. have been formally asked to return their Port Schuyler overcharges to the State.

The O'Connell centennial was quietly and most successfully observed, Friday, in Dublin, London, Belfast and Glasgow.

The army worm is swallowing vegetation by the wholesale at Rockland, Me. People find it difficult to keep the pests out of their houses.

It is proposed in consequence of the slight interest shown in the Centennial Exposition by European manufacturers to organize a bureau of manufacturers, with Minister Washburn at its head.

The German railroads are to transport goods for the Exposition free of charge.

The American team paid a visit to Paris Saturday and were received at the house of M. Victor Hugo. On the same day a Mississippian won a prize at rifle shooting in Germany.

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The government is trying an interesting experiment along the Lake Shore R. R. The weather reports are telegraphed to the different stations, and thus are extended to farmers along that line the advantage now enjoyed by sailors and city laborers. If the results are good other agricultural districts will be favored in the same manner.

Respectfully, N. E. P.

PARISH.

Sunday, Aug. 1st, Warren Woolson spoke in Woodland Grove to a large audience. Yesterday he preached the funeral discourse of the twin brothers, sons of A. H. Morse, at the church. These brothers died of small-pox, at Syracuse, some four months since.

Parish has the base ball on the brain. The ball comes into frequent use by young and old. Last Friday Captain Snell, of the Martin House, took supper at the Carley House, and the distinguished guest was served up in Marsh & Hegelin's best style. Though this event is of no particular consequence of itself, yet the way it was brought about created considerable excitement. A short time since the captain offered to play a game of base ball with the Carley House, which was accepted. Mr. Snell was to choose eight besides himself, and the Carley House to choose eight besides Mr. Hegelin. Messrs. Snell and Hegelin were to play, and the party that got beat was to furnish the supper for the company. When the game was up, it was ascertained that Mr. Snell was a little ahead. The best of feeling prevailed during the play. Though Messrs. Marsh & Hegelin furnished the supper, their pockets will suffer no loss in the end.

Parish boasts of having three of the best country hotels in the county.

Another event of moment we must record—that of the marriage of Dr. J. B. Todd, of this place, to Miss Orphelia, daughter of G. G. Moore, Esq., a distinguished citizen of Delphi, Indiana, which took place at the Baptist church, in Delphi, July 27, 1875. Johnny's surroundings appeared pleasant and promising, but there was something more than the thing to fill the aching void. Like the ancient Greeks, we hope the doctor will often consult the Delphic oracle. The doctor and his excellent bride have the best wishes of our citizens.

A few years since the father of Mrs. Todd, feeling rather lonely, and wishing to enlist in the army of bachelors was, captivated and finally captured a blooming widow of our place. Little did he think at that time that he would have to recompense us with his beautiful and accomplished daughter. He cheerfully paid the debt. Back of this there is a little history, of which your unworthy correspondent figured in somewhat. About fifteen years ago a "poor, forlorn, heart-broken creature" left these parts for the purpose of finding a solace in the easy divorce laws of Indiana. Well, she found it, and another heart, too; not a heart of stone, nor a heart of flesh, but a heart of "wood," which was just the heart wanted. Precisely the kind of "wood" we cannot tell, but should judge the heart was neither sound nor enduring. Pure love fully implanted in the heart, is fixed, and cannot be eradicated, and it wants no easy divorce law to come to its rescue. It fully drinks in with the principle that Christ taught about divorce, and deserves nothing more. From the last bit of history associations were formed, acquaintances made, and results obtained. Out of bitterness there appears to have come sweetness. Out of want of love by one, love has been apparently engendered in others. So by this we see how inscrutable are the ways of Providence. Every event of life teaches us to study and investigate to find out the truth. God gave us our mind, our immortal part, to control our mortality, and every event of our lives and every act of ours is endless in its results, because the immortal mind is the principal actor.

ODD.

Parish, Aug. 9, 1875.

—John, I wish you would close that door, said an irritable father to his son. Your mother must be scolding somebody at the other end of the hall, there is such a draught from that quarter."

—A foundry occupied by a Mr. Jackson, at Hannibal Center, was burned on the 6th inst. The loss is \$2,000, and the insurance \$400. The property was owned by Thomas Scott, of Hannibal.

—A little girl in this village has a new version of the popular hymn "While on others thou art calling, do not pass me by." She understood it to be "While your mother's gone a calling, do not pass me by."

—On Sunday last 62 persons were received into the membership of the M. E. church in this village, five of whom were baptized by immersion. The presence of the Praying Association added much to the interest of the Quarterly Meeting.

—John Grapotto and Prof. J. Cagnie, who is visiting at Mr. Grapotto's, are having good luck at fishing. Tuesday they caught over two hundred bass, pickerels and eels, at still fishing; and the next day they brought home a large

